

DOLL MAN



JANUARY STILL 52 PAGES
No. 20

10¢

destroys
the Black Heart
of
NEMO BLACK!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HEY-FELLAS
WHERE'S JIM?

TO BE
GAY MATINEE
AT 3:00
AMATEUR
CONTEST

SAID HE'D MEET
US HERE AT
THE SHOW

LET'S GO
ON IN--THE
SHOW'LL BE
STARTING

BEGINNERS! EXPERTS!
America's Finest **HARMONICA**

Plus AMAZING NEW EASY
54 PAGE ILLUSTRATED
PLAYING COURSE

BOTH BY MAIL
FOR ONLY
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Ebonite non-warp Comb. Entire instrument, comb, plates and covers firmly bolted into one single compact unit that can be taken apart, cleaned and sterilized in a few minutes! Key of "C" will be sent unless Key of "G" is requested. Not a toy but a real musical instrument. And even if you never blew a harmonica before, even if you don't know one music note from another, you can learn to play it "by tonight"!

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**KNOW THE JOY OF SWEET MOUTH-
ORGAN MUSIC "BY TONIGHT"
SEND NO MONEY . . . 10 Day Trial**

Yes, I can teach you to play sweet music that's joy for the soul . . . my new easier than ever instruction course is fully illustrated and shows you how to play any song without notes but by easily followed numbers. I show you how to do "tonguing," how to produce vibrato effects, how to control rhythm for either solo or band playing. 54 pages, 24 illustrated lessons plus 41 pages of songs . . . yes, numbers and play 75 ever popular songs! Amazing offer not only brings you the course but America's finest harmonica, the nationally known Philmonet . . . BOTH for only \$1.98. Best of all, you test it at my risk! If you don't like it, I'll send Philmonet and Instruction Course. On arrival only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Keep 10 days. If 10 day trial doesn't delight beyond words, return purchase for money back! No return charge. Have fun! Know the contentment of music. Write for this amazing music offer today!

JIM MAJOR Dept. 53-S 230 E. Ohio St.
Chicago 11, Illinois

..AND THE
WINNER WILL BE
CHOSEN BY YOUR
APPLAUSE...

HEY!
THERE'S JIM

WHAT'S HE
GOING
TO DO?

BOY! LISTEN TO
JIM PLAY THAT
HARMONICA

GOLLY! IS
HE GOOD!

HE'S SURE
TO WIN

..AND
HERE'S THE
WINNER!
JIM EVANS AND
HIS HARMONICA!

HOW DID YOU
LEARN TO PLAY
SO QUICKLY?

WHERE DID
YOU GET THE
HARMONICA?

I GOT IT BY
MAIL WITH AN
ILLUSTRATED
PLAYING COURSE
FROM JIM MAJOR!

SEND NO MONEY - MAIL COUPON

JIM MAJOR, The Harmonica Man

Dept. 53-S 230 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

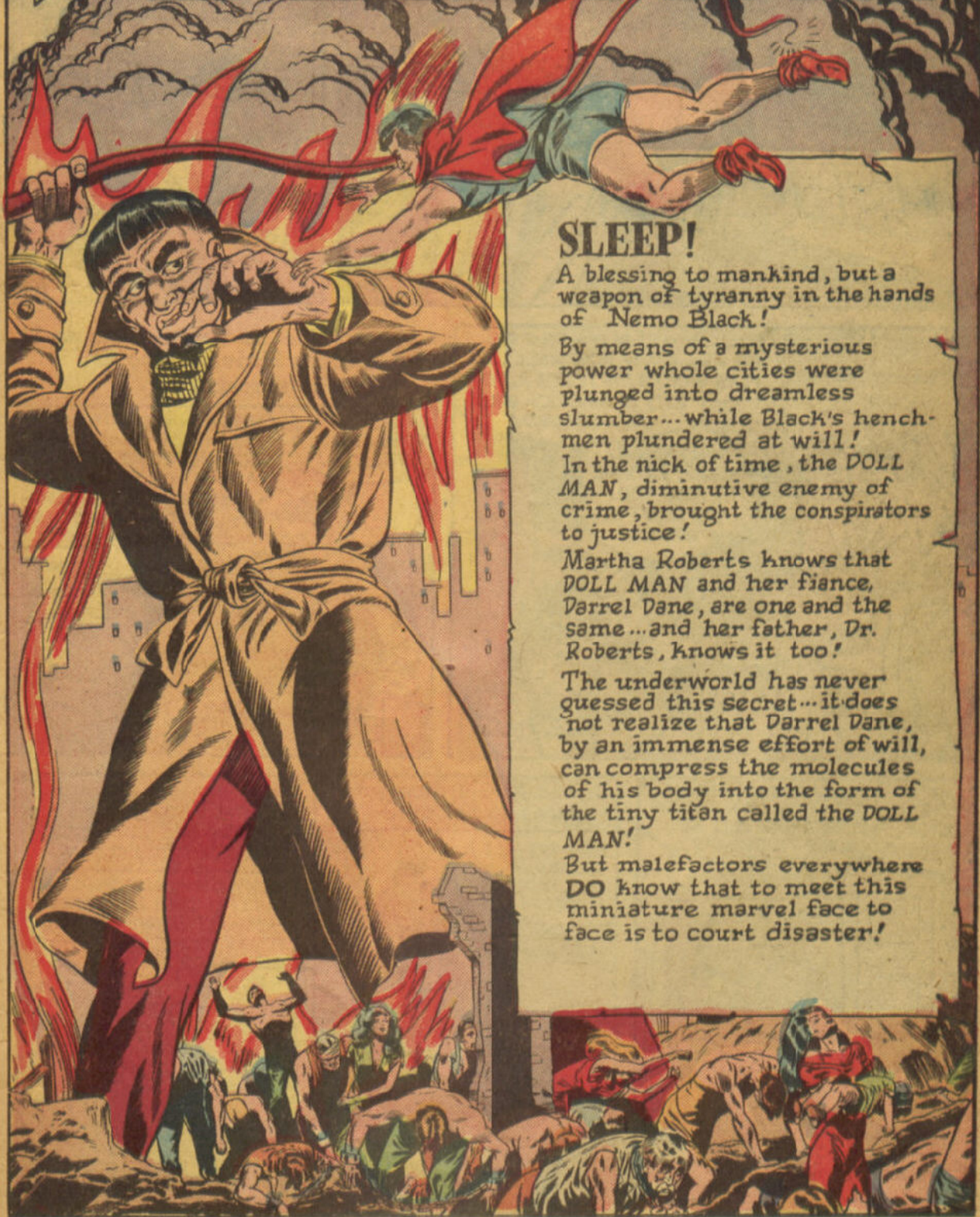
Send all metal Philmonet Harmonica with 54 page illustrated instruction course. I'll pay only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on your guarantee if I am not satisfied on 10 day trial I can return for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

The DOLL MAN



SLEEP!

A blessing to mankind, but a weapon of tyranny in the hands of Nemo Black!

By means of a mysterious power whole cities were plunged into dreamless slumber...while Black's henchmen plundered at will!

In the nick of time, the DOLL MAN, diminutive enemy of crime, brought the conspirators to justice!

Martha Roberts knows that DOLL MAN and her fiance, Darrel Dane, are one and the same...and her father, Dr. Roberts, knows it too!

The underworld has never guessed this secret...it does not realize that Darrel Dane, by an immense effort of will, can compress the molecules of his body into the form of the tiny titan called the DOLL MAN!

But malefactors everywhere DO know that to meet this miniature marvel face to face is to court disaster!



As the sun sets behind the roof-tops...

SOON IT WILL BE DARK..THEN WE WILL PUT OUR PLAN TO THE TEST!

IT CAN'T FAIL, NEMO!

KEEP YOUR OPINIONS TO YOURSELF, ROBB! IT IS I, NEMO BLACK, WHO CONCEIVED THE PROJECT...I WILL BE THE JUDGE OF ITS SUCCESS!

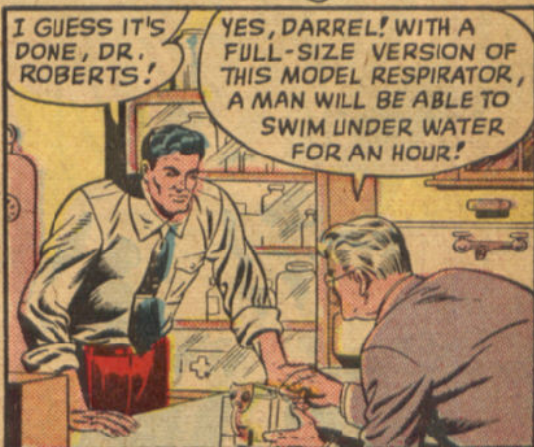
NO OFFENSE, NEMO!



FOLLOW ME! IN A LITTLE WHILE WE WILL KNOW HOW WELL OUR PLAN WORKS! IF IT DOES, EVERY CITY IN AMERICA WILL BE SUBDUED!

SURE THING, NEMO! WITH ME TO HELP YOU, YOU CAN'T GO WRONG!

Meanwhile, as Darrel Dane and Dr. Roberts finish a long day in their laboratory...



I GUESS IT'S DONE, DR. ROBERTS!

YES, DARREL! WITH A FULL-SIZE VERSION OF THIS MODEL RESPIRATOR, A MAN WILL BE ABLE TO SWIM UNDER WATER FOR AN HOUR!



COME ALONG TO SUPPER, YOU TWO!

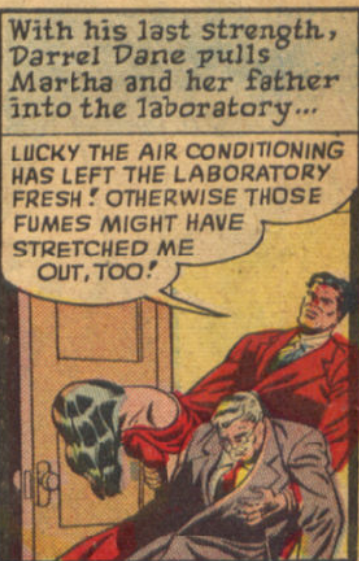
USING OUR INVENTION THE CREW OF A SUNKEN SUBMARINE WILL BE ABLE TO ESCAPE UNDER ANY CONDITIONS!

AS SOON AS I FINISH WASHING UP, MARTHA!



But as Darrel Dane prepares to follow...

WHAT THE...! I SUDDENLY FEEL FAINT MYSELF!



With his last strength, Darrel Dane pulls Martha and her father into the laboratory...

LUCKY THE AIR CONDITIONING HAS LEFT THE LABORATORY FRESH! OTHERWISE THOSE FUMES MIGHT HAVE STRETCHED ME OUT, TOO!

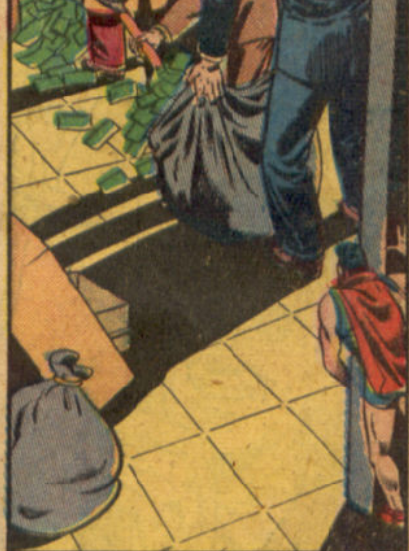


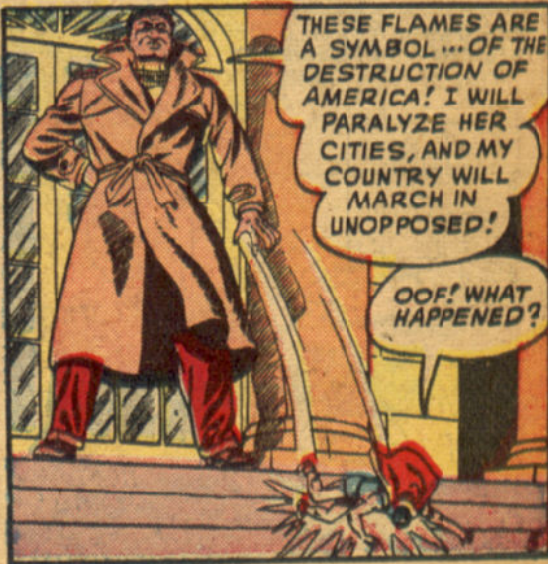
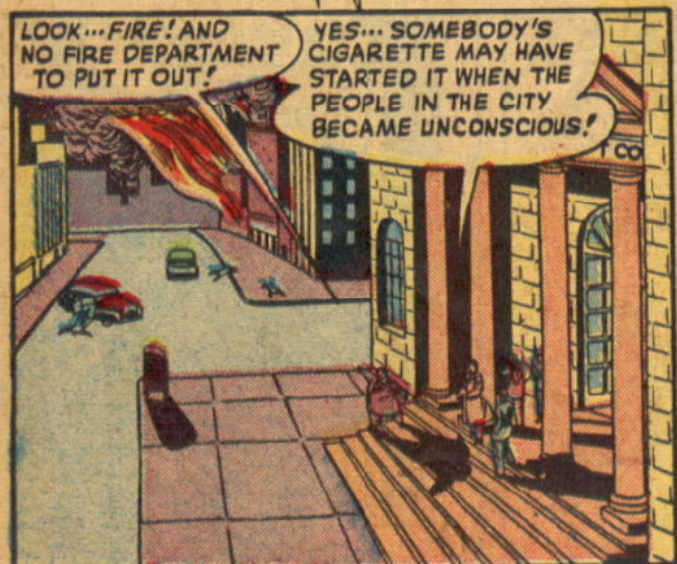
By an immense effort of will, Darrel Dane compresses the molecules of his body... to become Doll Man, the tiny terror of crime!

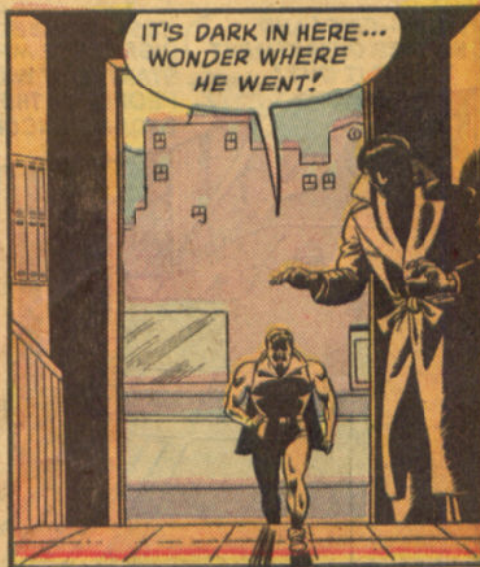
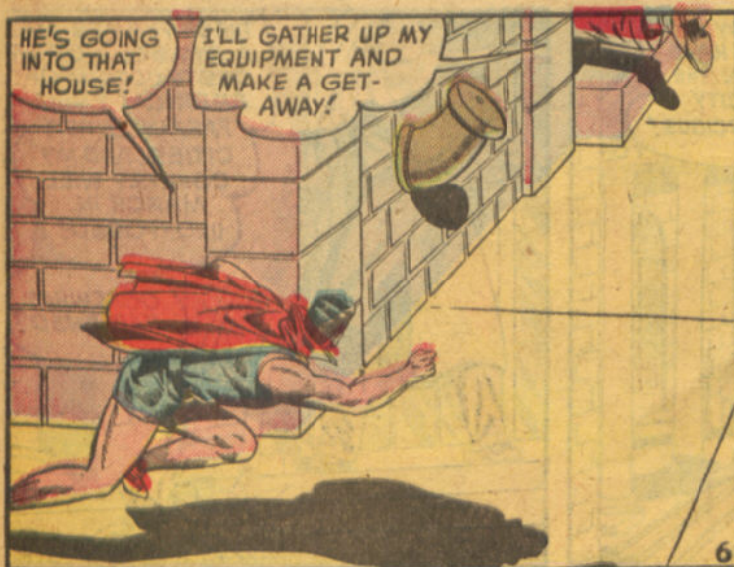
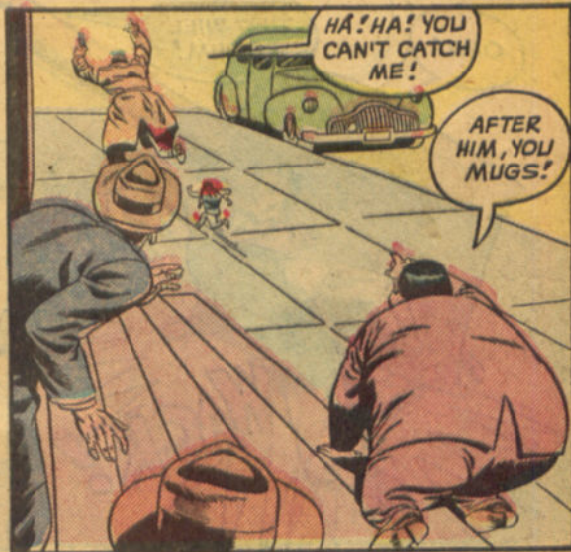


THE FUMES DON'T SEEM TO BE LETHAL... JUST SLEEP-PROVOKING! MARTHA AND DR. ROBERTS CAN SLEEP PEACEFULLY... WHILE THE DOLL MAN LOOKS AROUND!



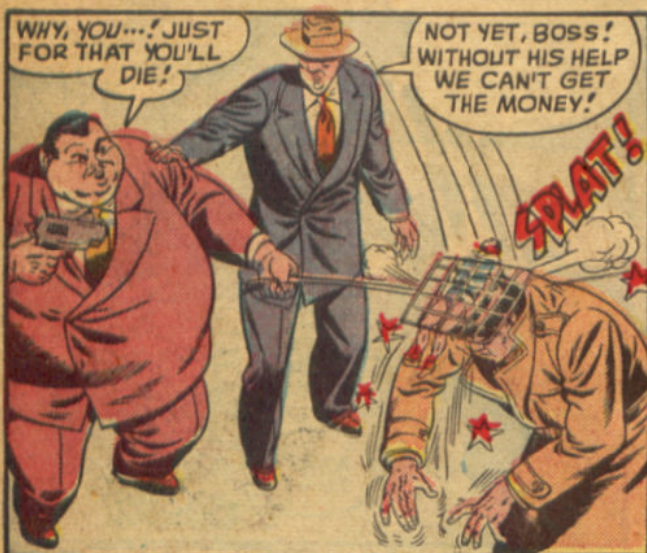


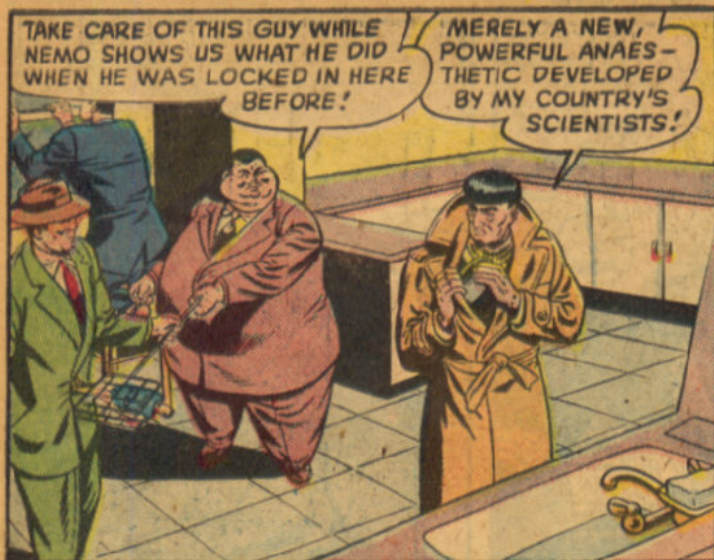


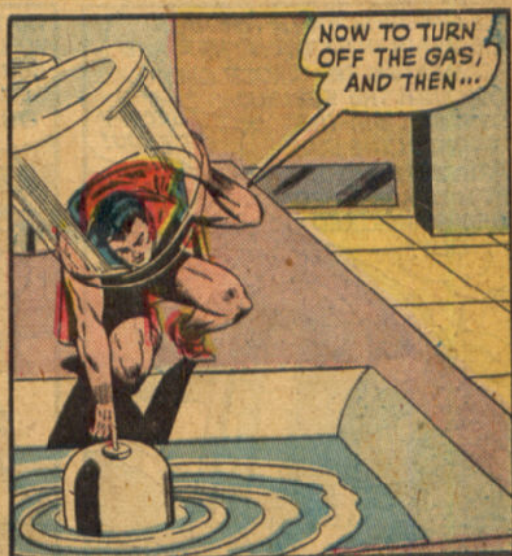
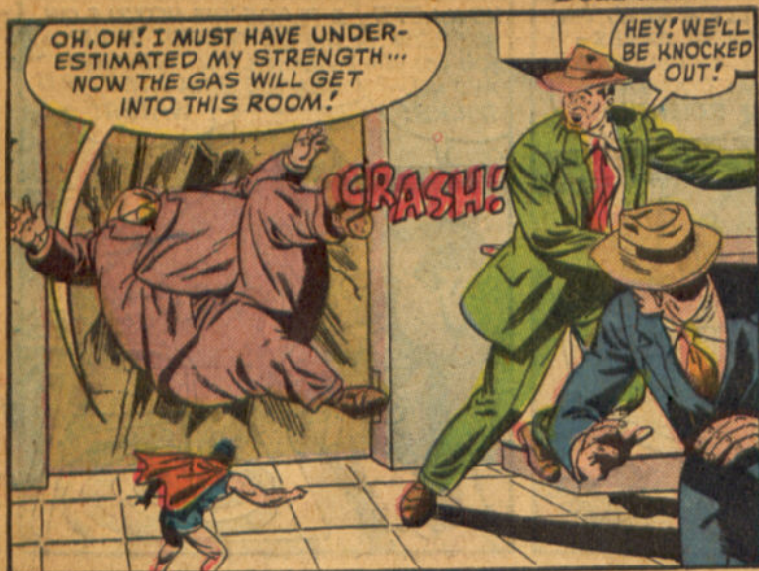


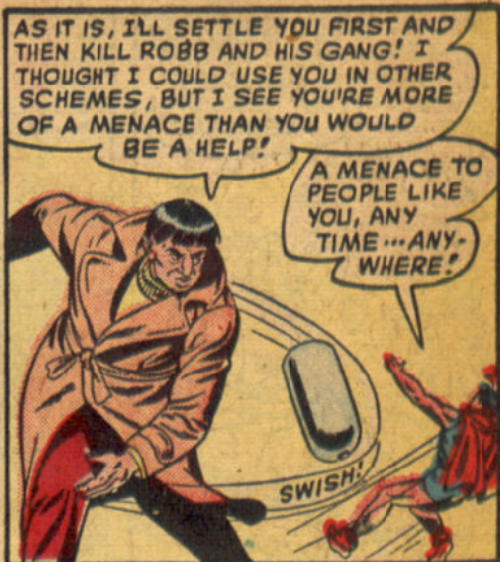
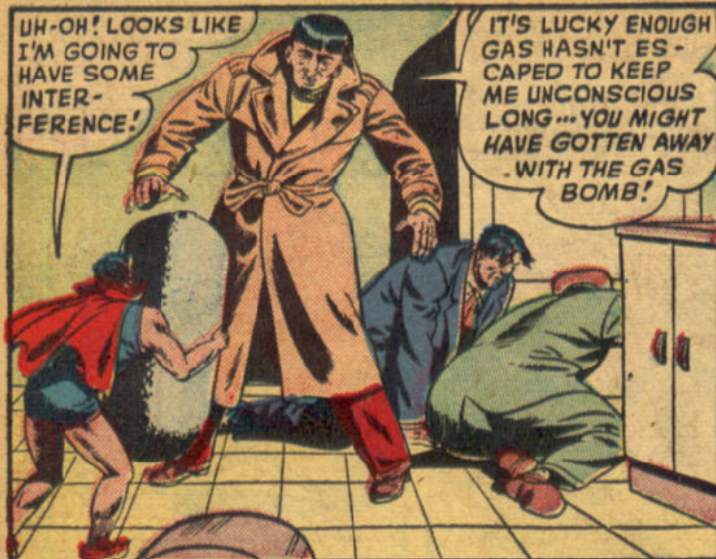
DOLL MAN



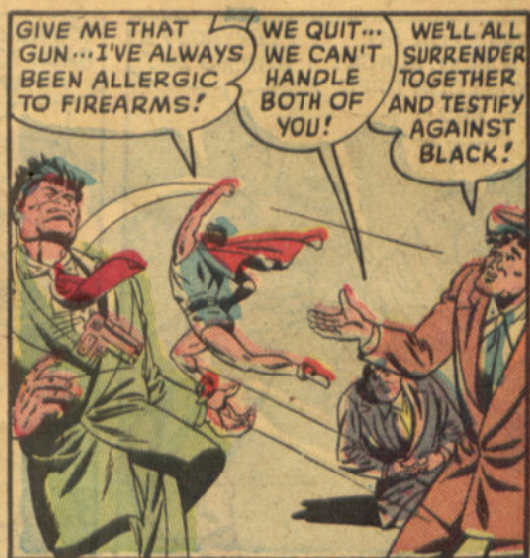
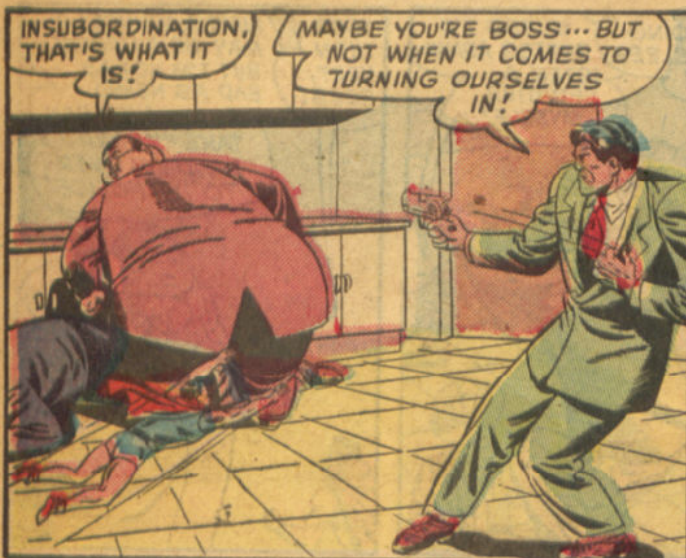








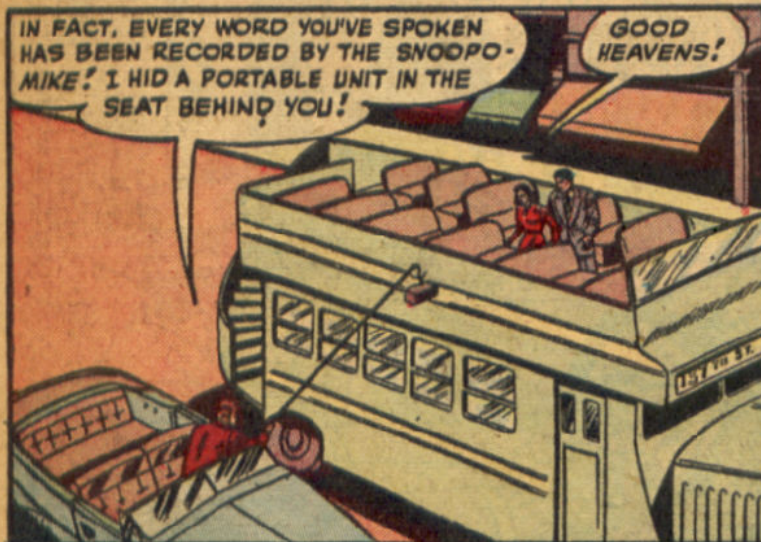
DOLL MAN

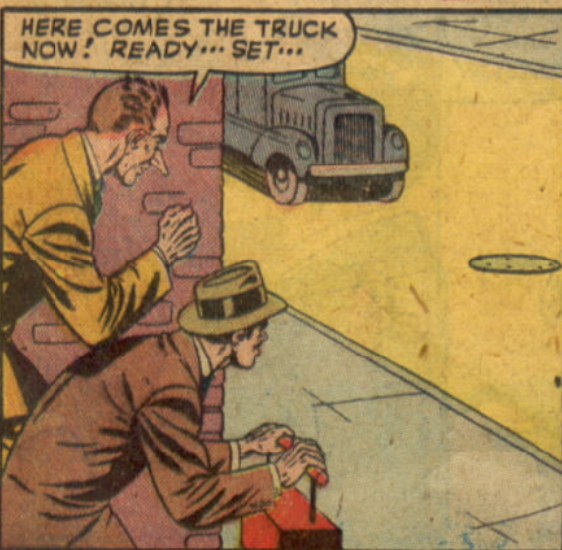
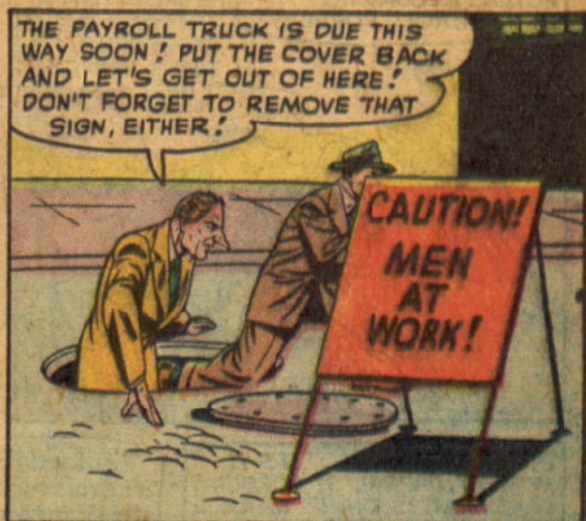
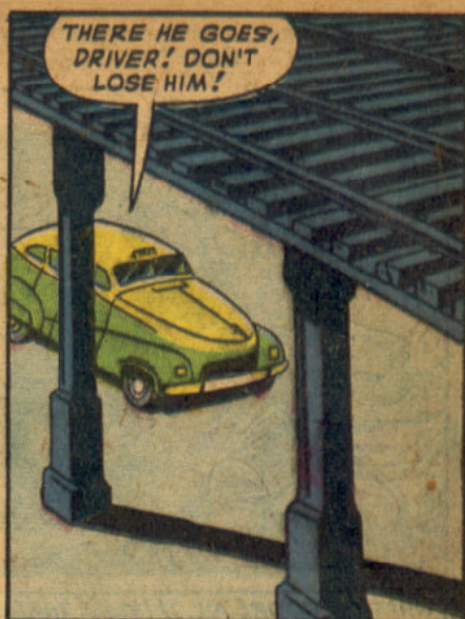


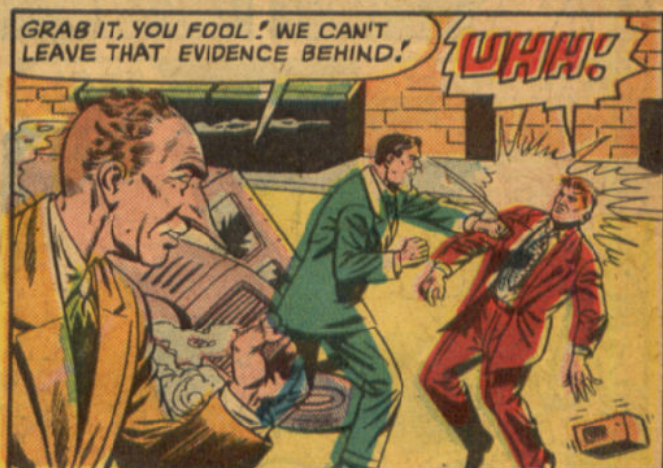
The Doll Man

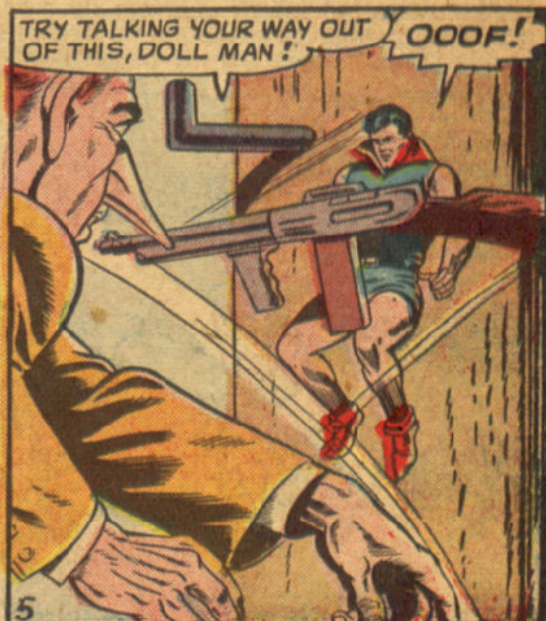
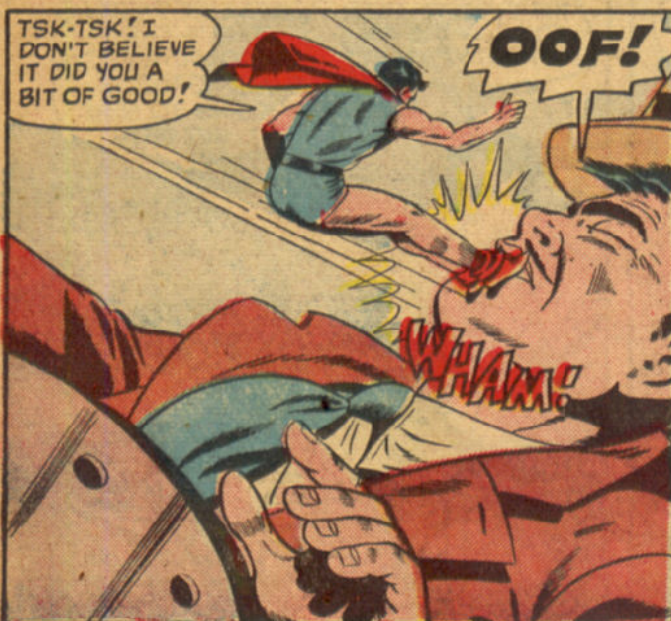
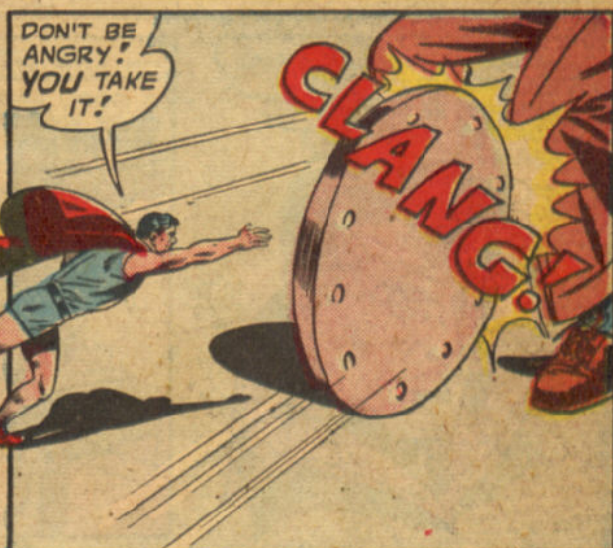
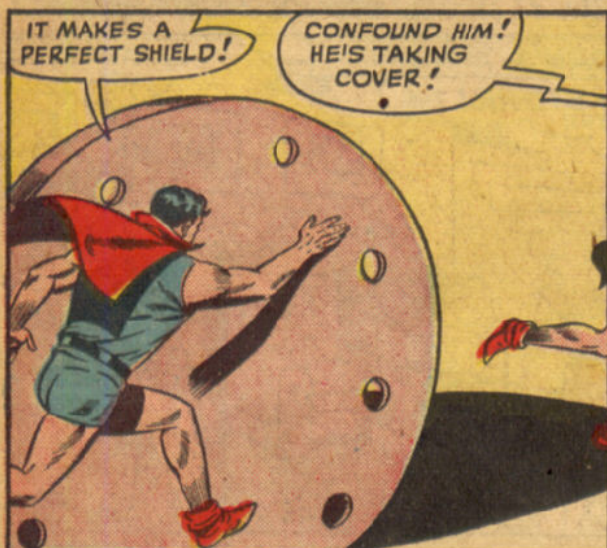
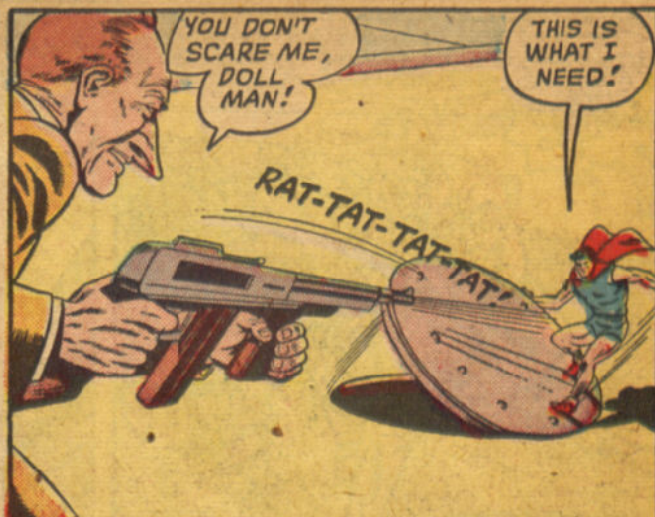


Would you like a glimpse behind the scenes, to learn first-hand how people actually live and talk? That's the exciting idea behind the new radio program, "The SNOOPO-MIKE"! But when Mark Clay, the man at the mike, eavesdrops on the criminal activities of **THE STORK**, only **The DOLL MAN** can save him from being killed for having such an eager nose for news!











That night, as Mark Clay's unique program goes on the air...

FOLKS, I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF FEATURES TONIGHT YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS! FIRST WE HAVE A BROADCAST OF A BOY AND GIRL ON AN OMNIBUS, BOTH UNAWARE THAT THE SNOOPO-MIKE WAS LISTENING IN!



HE'S TALKING ABOUT US!

I'M ANXIOUS TO HEAR WHAT'S ON THAT RECORDING! WHEN I RAN INTO THE ROBBERY, I FORGOT TO CHECK!

BUT THAT ISN'T ALL!



AS TONIGHT'S SUPER-DUPER SPECIAL, WE'RE PRESENTING A DRAMATIC ACCOUNT OF THE DARING PAYROLL ROBBERY IN WHICH TWO GUARDS WERE KILLED! THE SNOOPO-MIKE WAS ACTUALLY THERE!



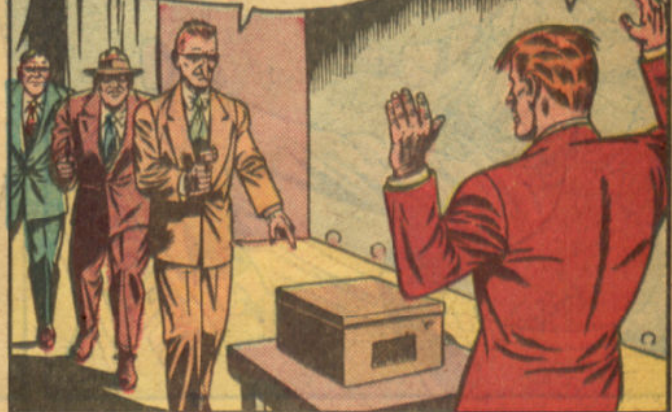
THE NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR WILL BE THAT PICKED UP...

WRONG, SNOOPER! I'M TALKING FIRST ... AND FAST!



WE'RE TAKING THAT RECORDING! ONE MOVE ... AND WE'LL VENTILATE YOU WITH LEAD!

G-GULP! DON'T SHOOT!

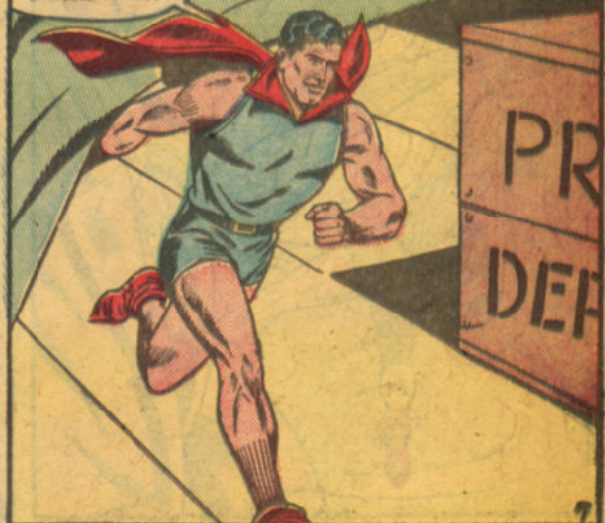


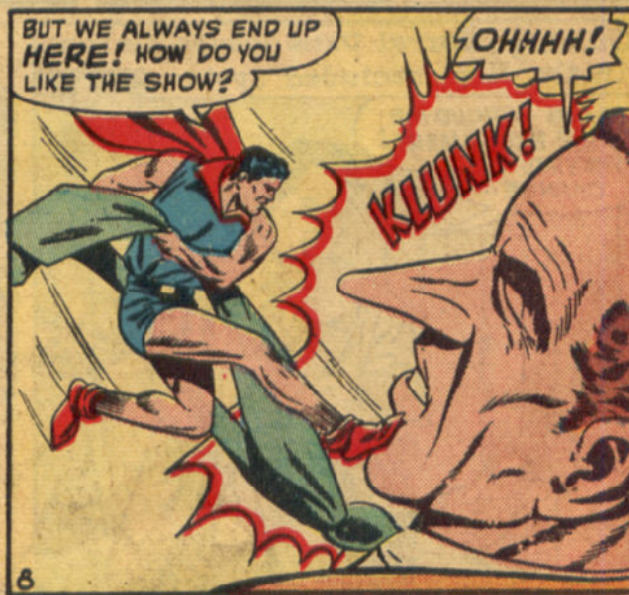
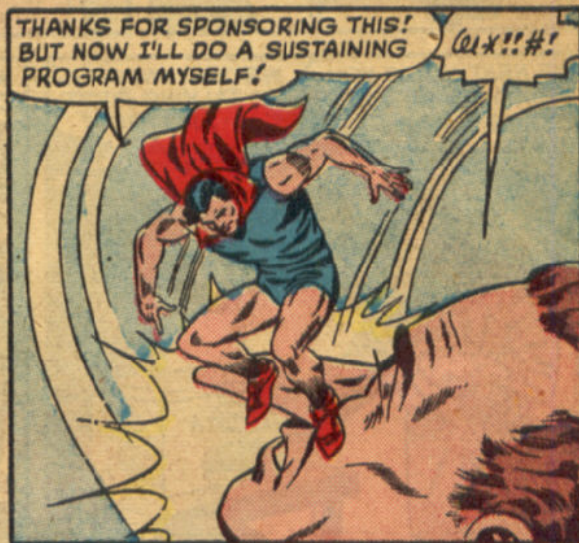
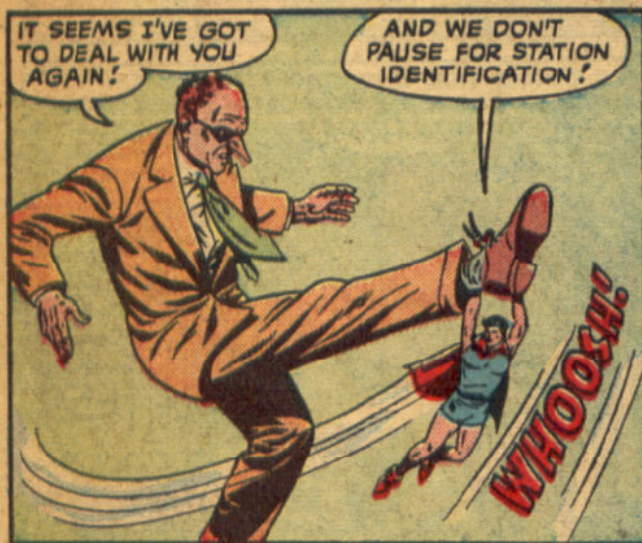
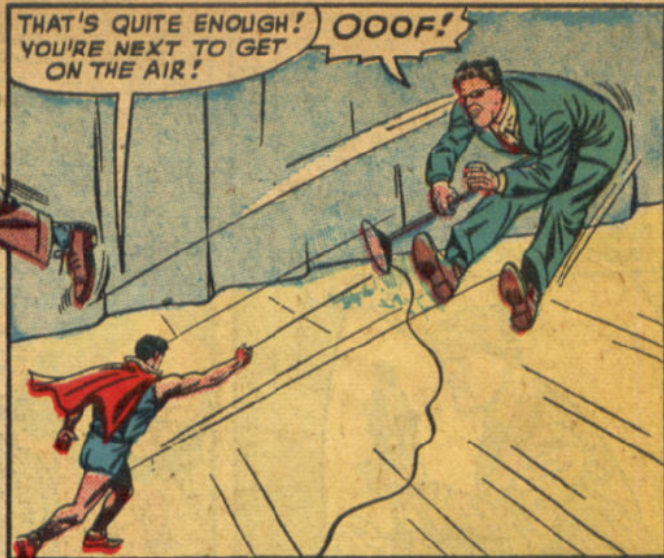
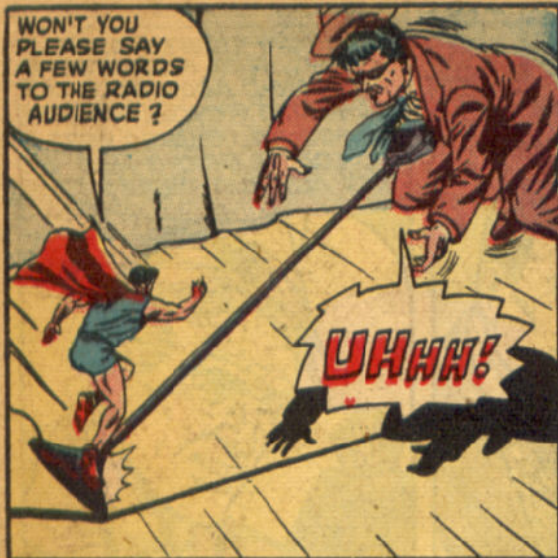
Quickly, Darrel Dane leaves his seat! In the first secluded spot ...

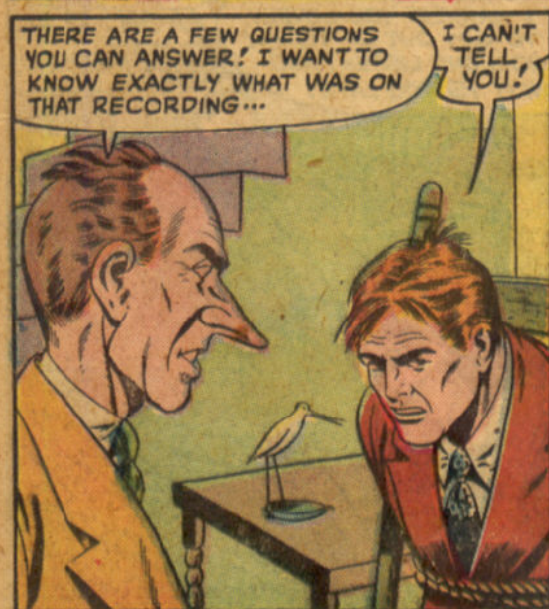
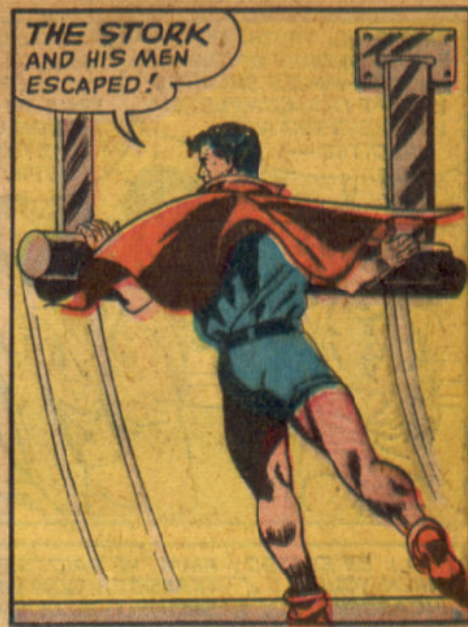
NO ONE NOTICED ME IN THE EXCITEMENT! IT'S TIME TO CHANGE ...

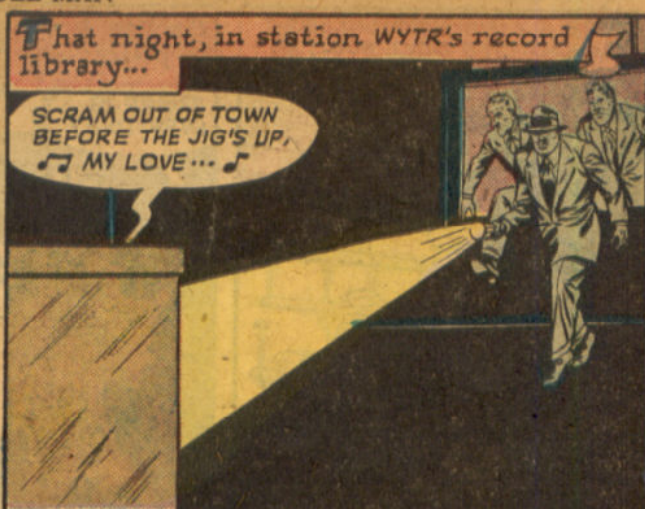
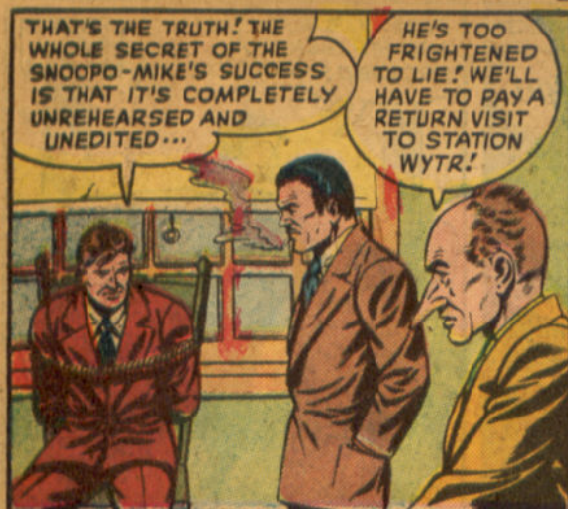


...TO THE DOLL MAN!











NOW I CAN TRY MY HOMEMADE WEAPON! AN ORDINARY DRINKING STRAW AND A FEW PHONOGRAPH NEEDLES...



WHO COULD ASK FOR A BETTER BLOWGUN? AM I NEEDLING YOU ENOUGH, STORK?

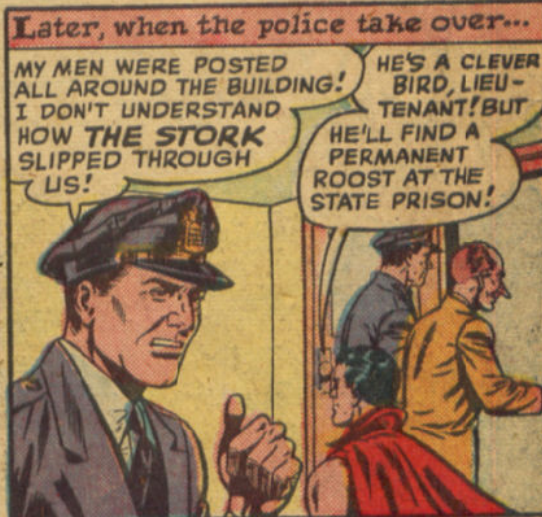
PFFT!

EEYOW!



STOP IT, DOLL MAN! WE SURRENDER!

TOO BAD! I WAS JUST STARTING TO HAVE FUN, TOO!



Later, when the police take over...

MY MEN WERE POSTED ALL AROUND THE BUILDING! I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW **THE STORK** SLIPPED THROUGH US!

HE'S A CLEVER BIRD, LIEUTENANT! BUT HE'LL FIND A PERMANENT ROOST AT THE STATE PRISON!

I KNEW **THE STORK** WOULD MAKE ANOTHER TRY FOR THIS RECORDING! BUT THE IRONY IS THAT THERE WAS NOT AN INCRIMINATING WORD ON IT! THE RECORDER WAS SO DAMAGED IN THE EXPLOSION THAT IT DIDN'T TRANSCRIBE ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED IN THE ACTUAL ROBBERY!

Next week, when the Snoopo-Mike program is broadcast again...

MARK CLAY SPEAKING! TONIGHT, FOLKS, WE'RE BACK RIDING THAT BUS BEHIND THE YOUNG COUPLE I MENTIONED...

HE'S GOING TO PUT ON OUR RECORDING! AREN'T YOU WORRIED, DARREL?

NOT A BIT! WHILE I WAS IN THE RECORD LIBRARY, I PLAYED THAT TRANSCRIPTION MYSELF! WE NEVER MENTIONED THE DOLL MAN AT ALL! IT'S JUST SOME ROMANTIC MUSH...

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK OF ROMANCE! YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU SAID THAT, DARREL DANE!



TORCHY

BOY, WHAT
A TYPE FOR
A TYPIST!



HE'S TIRED OF BREAKING
IN HIS SECRETARIES AND
THEN HAVING THEM
LEAVE BECAUSE THEY
WANT TO GO ON THE
STAGE! HERE'S
HIS ADDRESS!

THE STAGE CAN
WAIT! I'M MORE
INTERESTED IN GET-
TING THAT
JOB!

WE HAVE A FINE, HIGH-
PAYING JOB FOR YOU
AS SECRETARY TO
GRANDY HOLMES,
THE MUSICAL COMEDY
PRODUCER! BUT YOU
MUST GET RID OF
THE GLAMOUR!

WHY
NO
GLAMOUR?

GETJOB
EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY



THERE ISN'T A MAN ALIVE WHO CAN'T BE HANDLED WITH A LITTLE INGENUITY!

Meanwhile...

ALL THIS CORRESPONDENCE TO BE ANSWERED!

YOUR LAST SECRETARY CERTAINLY PICKED A BAD TIME TO TRY FOR A STAGE CAREER!



IF I WANT TO LOOK AT PRETTY GIRLS, I CAN GO TO REHEARSALS! WHAT I WANT RIGHT NOW IS A SECRETARY WHOSE MIND IS ON TYPING AND ANSWERING THE PHONE!

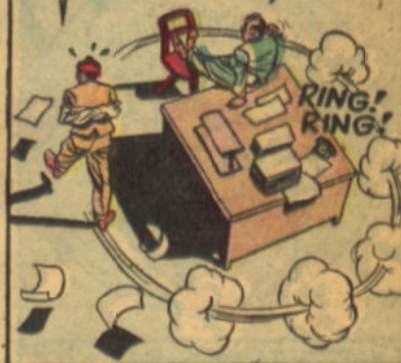
HMMM... THAT KIND OF GIRL IS HARD TO FIND!

I'M WILLING TO PAY AN EXCELLENT SALARY... IF SHE'S RIGHT FOR THE JOB!

MAYBE THAT'S THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY NOW!

SHE'LL NEVER GET A SPOT IN ONE OF MY SHOWS! AND YOU CAN QUOTE ME ON THAT!

SHE WAS NICE TO LOOK AT... UNQUOTE!



WE'VE JUST SENT YOUR NEW SECRETARY OVER MR. HOLMES! HOPE YOU LIKE HER!

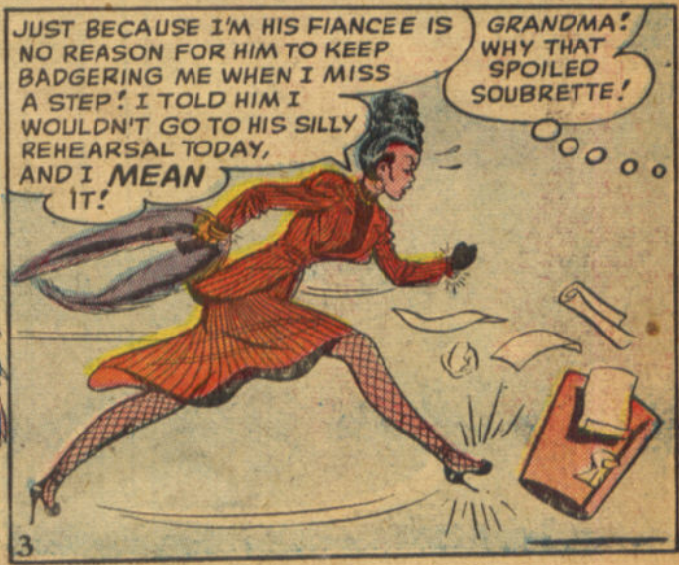
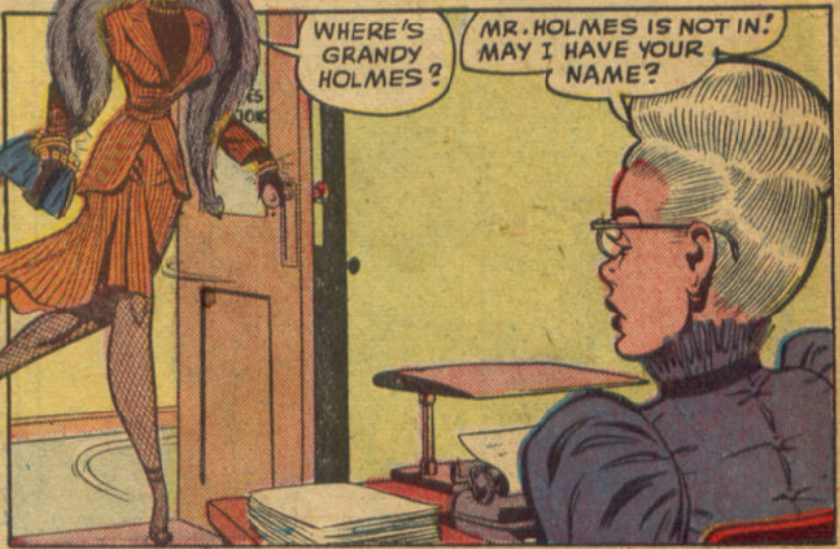
SHE'D BETTER BE FAT AND UGLY!

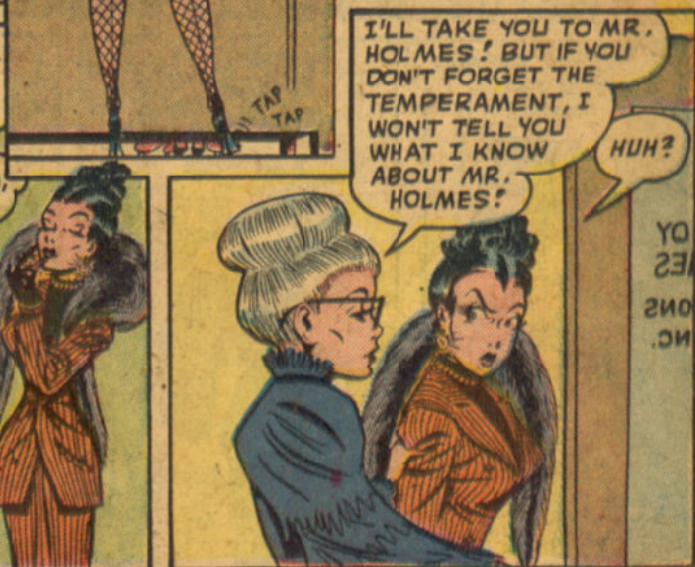
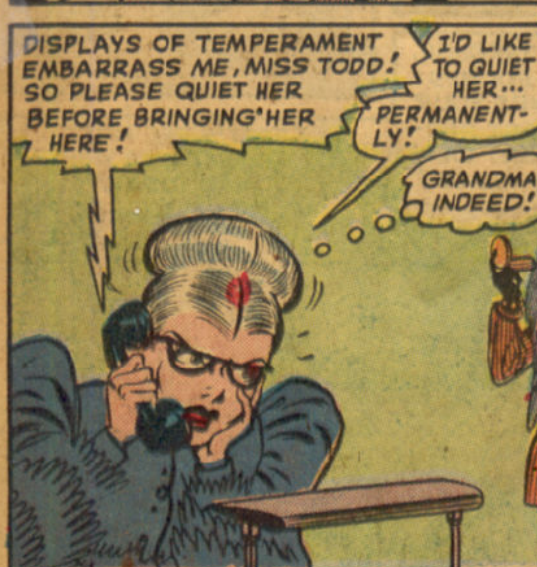


THIS GET-UP OUGHT TO FILL THE BILL AS FAR AS MR. HOLMES IS CONCERNED! AND I'LL HAVE A STEADY JOB AT LAST!

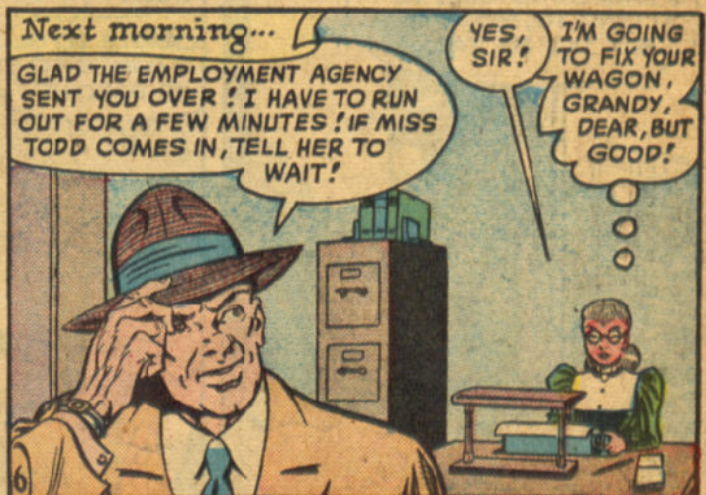


GRAN HON PRODUCTIONS INC

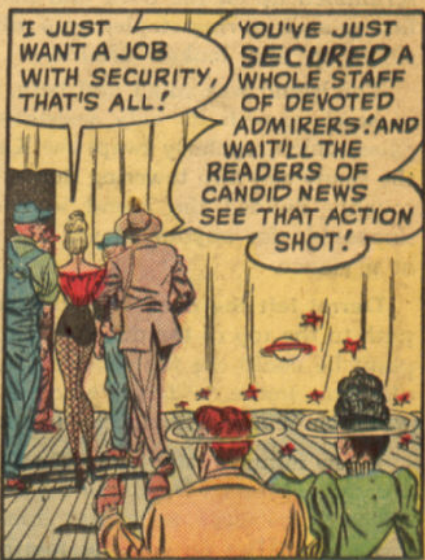












KEY WEST *Meeting*

THE trim little motorboat left the dock at Key West and headed into the sun. It was late afternoon; the sun was already setting in the west, its slanting rays sparkling off the blue waters of the bay and on the sandy beaches of the islands that dotted it.

Behind the wheel of the little boat, Darrel Dane, with one brawny forearm shielding his eyes from the glare, peered ahead at the one particular island in which he was interested.

"Wonder whether Martha will be surprised to see me," he mused.

Martha and Dr. Roberts had left New York over two weeks before to visit an old classmate of the Doctor's, Professor Reiner. An authority on nuclear physics, Reiner some time before had set up an experimental laboratory in his house on an island off the Keys.

Darrel, meanwhile, had stayed on in the city, counting the days till Martha's return and waiting impatiently for her letters. When no word came, Darrel began to worry; when two weeks had slid by without a message, he hastily packed a bag and flew down to Key West. Having rented a boat immediately upon arrival, he was now on his way to the island.

The sun had dropped out of sight, leaving only a glow of its glory in the west, when Darrel's rented boat bumped gently against the small dock of the triangular-shaped island. He scrambled up on the dock and tied the painter fast to an iron ring stapled to a piling. Then he stood up and looked around.

The island was small and bare, with patches of scrub growth its only vegetation. Frequent gales, which regularly swept the Keys, had piled the sandy soil into towering dunes. These dunes roughly divided the island in two, making it impossible for anyone to see the whole island at a glance.

Darrel left the dock and followed a winding path to the top of the dunes. From this vantage point he could see the other side of the island, also the house, a large, wooden structure of white clapboard. He struck out towards it.

A few minutes later he reached the house and crossed a broad veranda to the front door. On opening the door he found himself facing a large foyer. But no voice or footfall—no sound

of any living creature greeted his entrance. "Martha! Dr. Roberts!" he called. Only the mocking echo of his own voice answered him.

But it wasn't until he entered the dining room that he knew something was wrong.

The table was set for four. At each place was a plateful of food, still warm. Something had forced three people to leave the table without eating their food. Something had prompted them to leave the house, perhaps taken them off the island itself. But what could that something be? This was the question Darrel asked himself as he left the house.

Looking over the railing of the veranda he saw a pattern of footprints in the loose sand that surrounded the house. He followed the prints and found them leading up over the top of a dune to the beach on the other side. At the water's edge they came to an abrupt end. A deep groove in the sand where the trail ended, showed Darrel how the owners of the prints had left the island. The groove had been made by the keel of a boat.

Then, peering out to sea through the gathering dusk, he saw a ship. She was standing about a quarter of a mile offshore, dark, oily smoke streaming from her single funnel. For a moment Darrel toed the sand at his feet, thinking. As he left the beach he threw a glance back over his shoulder at the ship.

Ten minutes later Darrel left the island in his rented craft and, about two hundred yards from shore, cut the motor. Unshipping the motorboat's emergency oars and slipping them into the oarlocks, he began to row towards the ship.

He reached her bow a few minutes later and tied his painter to the vessel's anchor chain. Then he started climbing up the chain.

In a matter of seconds he reached the deck and, in the darkness, took a few halting steps toward the ship's superstructure. Suddenly he was conscious of a movement behind him. He whirled, instinctively throwing up his arm to guard his face. As he did so, a hard object thudded against his head. A color scheme of blackness flecked with spots of bright red passed before his eyes as he dropped into insensibility.

When Darrel regained consciousness he found himself in a steel cell in the ship's hold. He

head ached and a knot the size of a walnut stood out on his forehead. Touching it gingerly, he winced from the sudden pain.

"Hello in there," called a muffled voice from the other side of the steel partition. "Can you hear me?"

It was Dr. Roberts' voice. Darrel scrambled to his feet and pressed his face up against the partition.

"Dr. Roberts! Martha!" he called.

"Darrel!" It was Martha who answered him. "Darrel," she exclaimed again, sobbing her relief. "I knew you'd come—I just knew it! That's why I wasn't worried that I couldn't get word to you. They came here the first day we were on the island, but only today they decided to bring us on board the ship."

"They?" asked Darrel. "Who?"

"The men who forced Professor Reiner to send me the invitation to visit him—and then killed him," Dr. Roberts answered. "When we arrived," the Doctor continued, "they made us prisoners and held us on the island until this ship called for them. They intend to take us to their own country and force me to work for their government."

"I see . . ." said Darrel thoughtfully. "But," and his tone was now reassuring, "don't you worry, Doctor. What they *intend* to do, and what they accomplish in the end, are two different things. I'll try to get us out of here right now."

He looked around the cell. Over the door was an open transom blocked only by steel bars. There was an opening for the Doll Man! Throwing all the powers of his strong will into the effort, Darrel concentrated the molecules of his body. In a second he became a tiny mite, barely eighteen inches tall!

Squeezing himself through the bars of the transom, the Doll Man dropped to the passageway outside the cell. He ran lightly along it until, at the far end, he halted at the sight of a man on guard. His back was turned, an ugly looking sub-machine gun nestled in the crook of his arm.

The guard's left leg buckled at the knee, as the Doll Man hit it a powerful blow from behind. The man dropped his gun and fell to the floor. The Doll Man went down with him, striking merciless blows at the guard's chin until the latter lapsed into unconsciousness.

Dragging the unconscious guard's gun, the Doll Man stealthily headed topside. He climbed the superstructure and looked in the porthole of a cabin just aft of the bridge. There he saw

a man in an officer's uniform, obviously the vessel's captain. The Doll Man now reversed the will-power process, once again assuming the shape of Darrel Dane.

Covering the man with the tommy gun as he entered the cabin, Darrel forced him to use the ship's loudspeaker system to muster the crew on the foredeck. Then he ordered the Captain forward, out into the darkness that hid the open bridge from those below. With the tommy gun in his back, the Captain instructed two members of the crew to go below, release Dr. Roberts and Martha, and tell them to report to the Captain's cabin immediately. The remaining members of the crew were told to stand by for further orders.

Still holding the Captain hostage at the point of his gun, Darrel ordered him aft to the radio shack. Luckily, no one was on duty; even the radio operator had evidently answered the summons to the foredeck. Forcing the Captain inside the shack, where he could observe him, Darrel then radioed the Coast Guard station at Key West, giving them the ship's location and requesting them to send out a patrol boat as soon as possible, and as quietly as possible. Recognition signals were prearranged.

That accomplished, Darrel gently but firmly urged the Captain back to the vicinity of his cabin. Soon Martha and her father appeared out of the shadows, escorted by the two men. Hidden behind the Captain, Darrel whispered a terse command to him to dismiss the men. The men obeyed and went back down the ladder, leaving the bridge area free for Darrel to await the coming of the Coast Guard.

Ten minutes later, with the crew waiting ignorantly in the darkness of the foredeck, a patrol boat, showing no lights, drifted silently alongside. A voice yelled, "Dane ho!" and Darrel, on the bridge, yelled back, "Dane here!" Before the steamer's crew could swing into action, a boarding party of Coast Guardsmen had the situation under control. The saga of the mysterious steamer and its crew had ended.

"I thought Key West and the offshore islands here were chiefly known as vacation spots," Darrel said to Martha, as the patrol boat sped the three friends and its cargo of prisoners toward the Florida Coast.

"So did I, darling—until this happened," said Martha. "Sorry things had to show up in a different light."

"Think nothing of it," Darrel replied. "But tomorrow I'm going to ask you to join me for a nice, restful day at the beach."

The DOLL MAN

Once again **THE UNDERTAKER**, melancholy master of morbid crimes, leaves the sanctuary of his graveyard hiding place to ply his criminal wares in the busy byways of the city! And this time his crimes bear the grisly symbols of coffins... unexpected and surprising symbols that keep **THE DOLL MAN** guessing until he uncovers the mystery of **COFFINS FOR CRIME!**



Night shrouds the city, but in the stillness the buzzing of the tiny Dollplane can be heard...

BUZZZZZZ!

OH-OH! I SAW A FLASHLIGHT IN THAT WINDOW!

BANKING AND LOAN CO.

IT MAY BE THE NIGHT WATCHMAN! BUT I'D BETTER CHECK TO MAKE SURE!

BANKING AND LOAN CO.

Inside, the DOLL MAN encounters an old acquaintance...

THE UNDERTAKER!

AWRRK! IT'S THE DOLL MAN!

IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF?

UHHH!

WHERE IS THAT LITTLE GUY? I'LL BLAST...
OOOF!

HERE I AM!

But the next instant...

ALAS, HOW UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU! I DIDN'T NEED THIS NITRO TO BLOW THE SAFE! SO I'LL USE IT ON YOU!

OHhh!

BOOM!



I-I NEVER WANT A CLOSER CALL THAN THAT! AN INCH CLOSER TO THAT BLAST, AND I'D HAVE BEEN FINISHED!



THE UNDERTAKER ESCAPED! BUT NOW THAT HE'S RESUMED HIS ACTIVITIES, I'LL BE HEARING FROM HIM AGAIN!



Later...

THE COPS WILL NEVER LOOK FOR US HERE! CEMETERIES MAKE THE BEST HIDEOUTS, EH, UNDERTAKER?

WE'RE NOT STAYING HERE LONG! IT'S NOT SAFETY I SEEK...



LET MY ENEMIES BEWARE! THE UNDERTAKER IS RETURNING FROM HIS COFFINLESS GRAVE! TO MAKE THEM BEWARE OF COFFINS!

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TALK SO MUCH IN RIDDLES! I NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!

Next day, in the obituary column of a metropolitan newspaper...

In memoriam:
A. Fossyll who met a most untimely death!
Burial with most unusual coffin! Other details arranged by...
The Undertaker.



ISN'T THAT A CURIOUS LITTLE OBIT, DARREL?

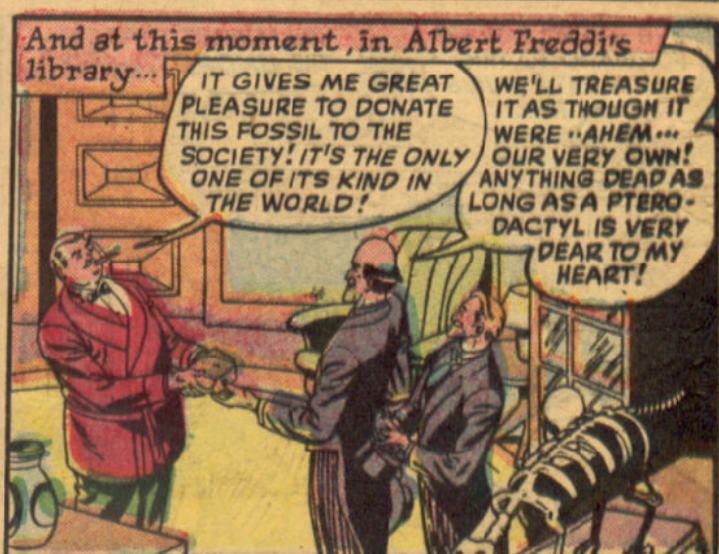
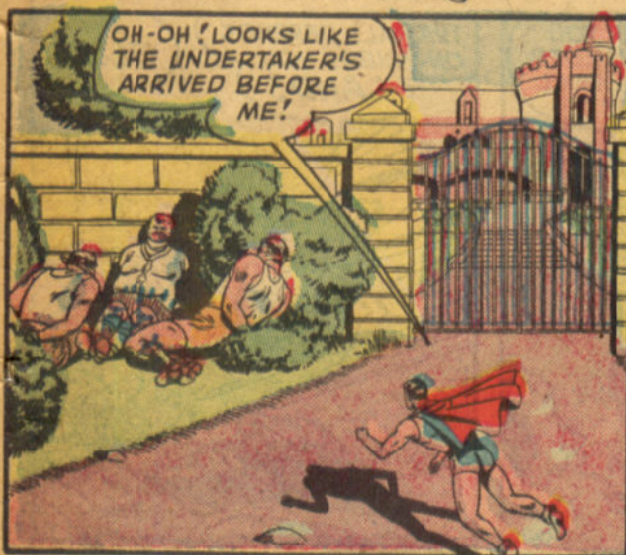
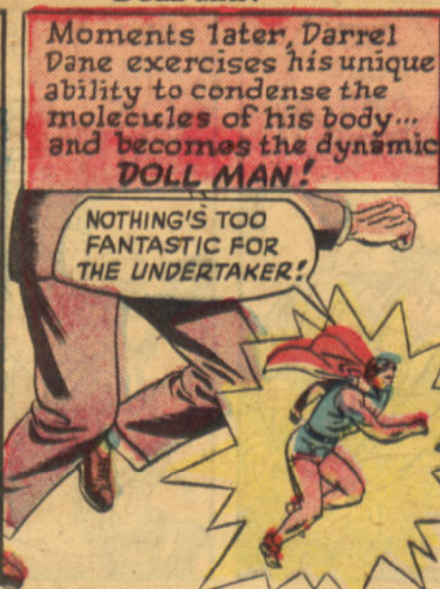
IT'S MORE THAN THAT MARTHA! THIS IS A WARNING FROM THE UNDERTAKER! HE LIKES TO GLOAT OVER HIS TRIUMPHS... IN ADVANCE!

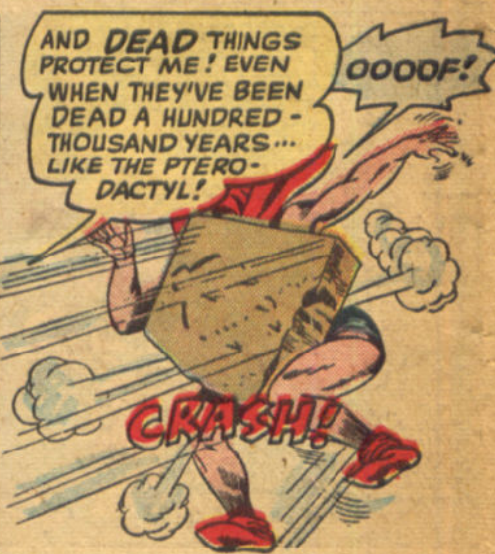
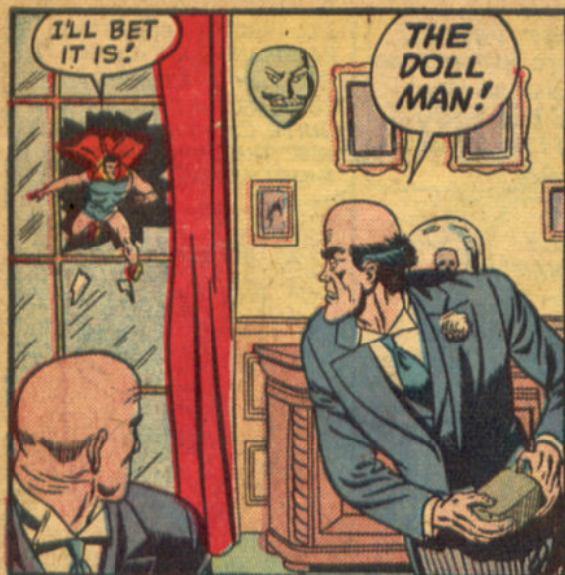


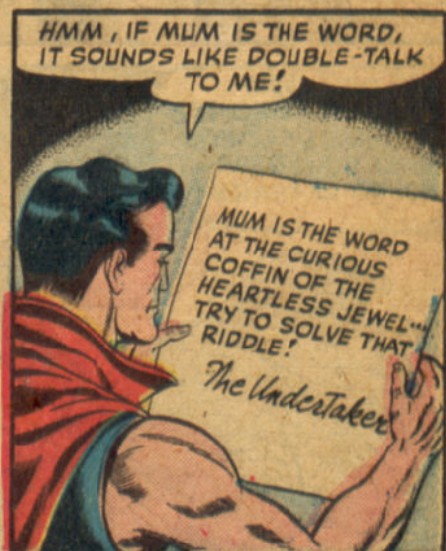
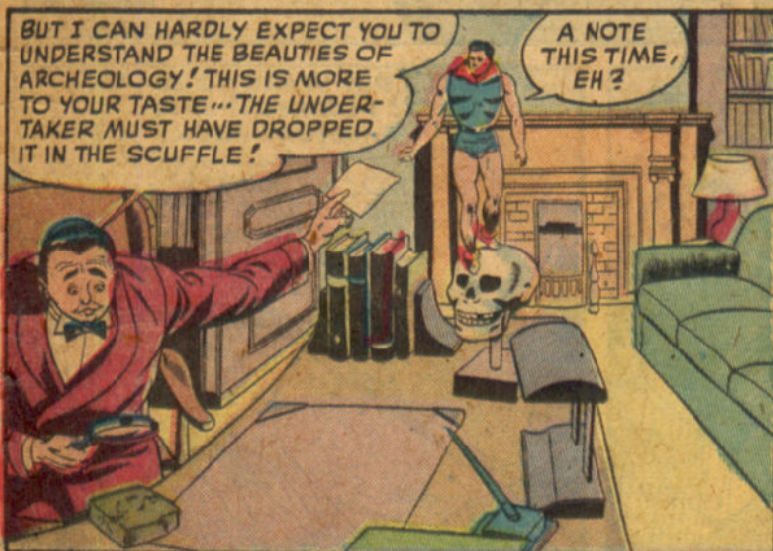
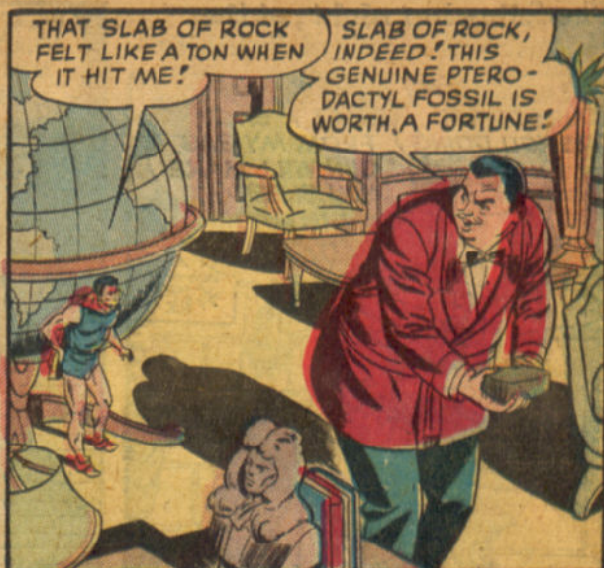
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

ALBERT FREDDI, THE MILLIONAIRE, IS TURNING OVER HIS FOSSIL OF A PTERODACTYL TO THE ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY! IT'S OVER 100,000 YEARS OLD, AND PERFECTLY PRESERVED IN ROCK!

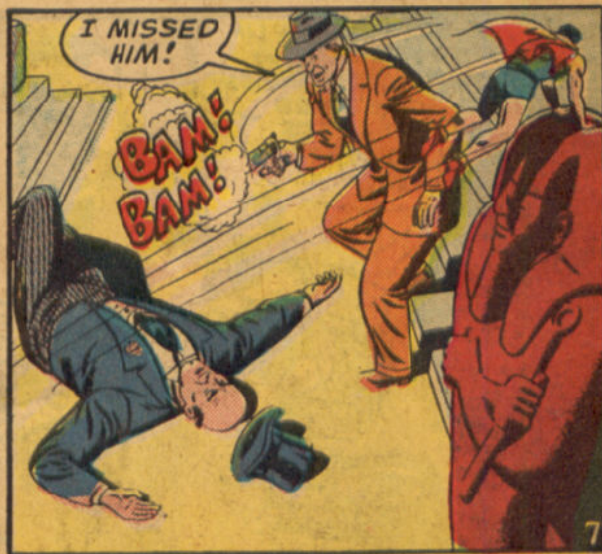
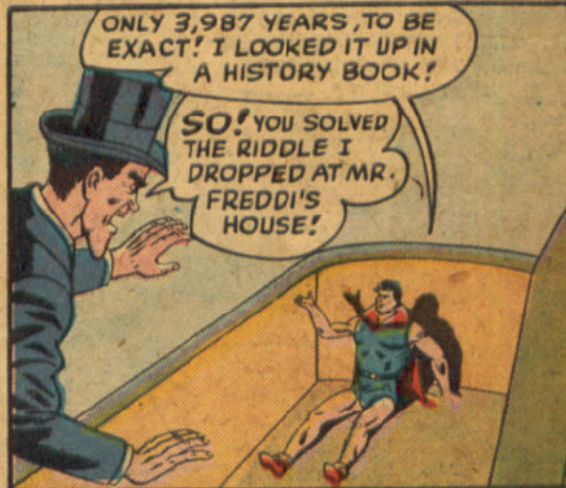
DOLL MAN



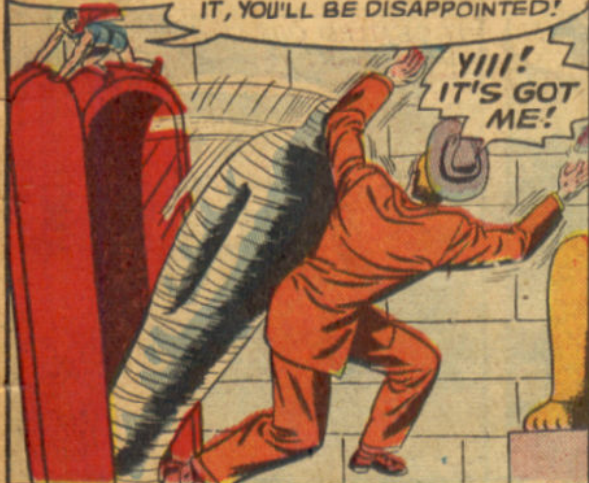




The following night, at the Museum of Ancient Exhibits...



SO, UNLIKE THE PROCEDURE WITH SOME OTHER MUMMIES, THE JEWEL STILL HADN'T BEEN REMOVED! BUT IF YOU FIGURED ON GETTING IT, YOU'LL BE DISAPPOINTED!

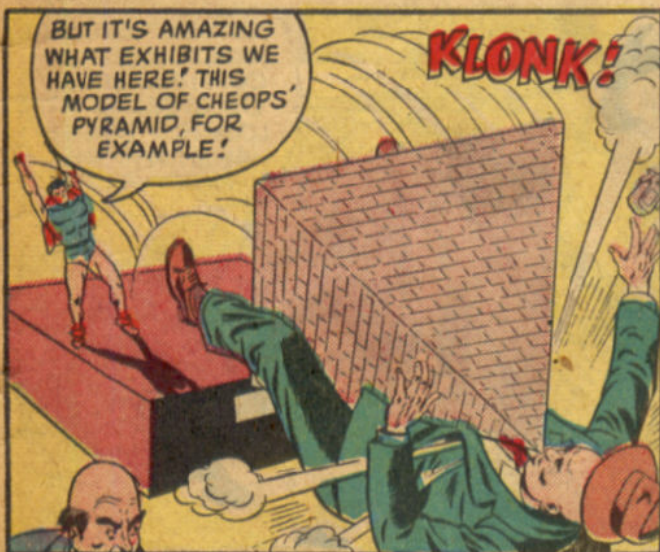


THE POOR FELLOW FAINTED! HE REALLY THOUGHT THAT MUMMY CAME TO LIFE!

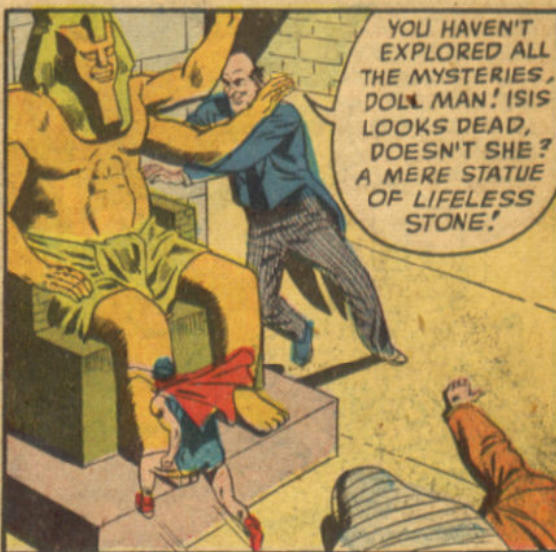


BUT IT'S AMAZING WHAT EXHIBITS WE HAVE HERE! THIS MODEL OF CHEOPS' PYRAMID, FOR EXAMPLE!

KLONK!



YOU HAVEN'T EXPLORED ALL THE MYSTERIES, DOLL MAN! ISIS LOOKS DEAD, DOESN'T SHE? A MERE STATUE OF LIFELESS STONE!



As the Undertaker presses a hidden projection, the many arms of the idol start to move...

WHAT IN BLAZES?

... BUT ISIS IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!



WHAM!

OHhh!



DOLL MAN

Later, many miles distant, The Doll Man recovers ...

YOU LIKE THE COFFIN, DOLL MAN? I HAD IT BUILT ESPECIALLY TO FIT YOUR MEASUREMENTS ... JUST ON THE CHANCE WE'D MEET AGAIN!

THANKS! THAT WAS A NEAT TRICK YOU PULLED WITH ISIS!

THE HIGH PRIESTS USED TO DELUDE THEIR POOR FOLLOWERS INTO BELIEVING THE STATUE ACTUALLY CAME TO LIFE! AND IT SETTLED OUR CONTEST, DOLL MAN!



BUT SINCE I AM THE UNDERTAKER, IT'S FITTING THAT THE ENDING SHOULD BE A TRAGEDY ... FOR YOU!



YOU WON'T ESCAPE! YOUR MINIATURE COFFIN IS MADE OF STEEL, AND THE LOCK IS UNBREAKABLE! AND SO, FAREWELL!

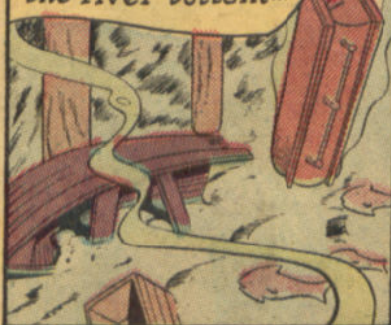


THE HEARSE HAS DELIVERED THE BODY TO ITS ... UH ... FINAL RESTING PLACE! LET US RETURN ... AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON HIS SOUL!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE TO SEE THE END OF THE DOLL MAN!



Is this truly the end for crime-busting's mightiest mite? So it seems, as the tiny coffin plunges toward the river bottom...



I SLIPPED THE EDGE OF MY CAPE UNDER THE LID BEFORE IT CLOSED! JUST A SLIM CHANCE THAT IT WOULD KEEP THE LOCK FROM WORKING PERFECTLY...

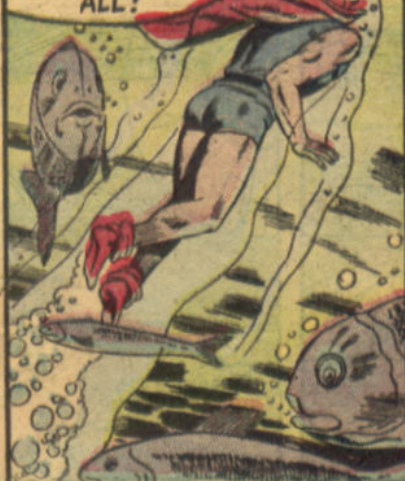


DOLL MAN

A tremendous heave of the Doll Man's muscles and...



SORRY, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BE FISH FOOD AFTER ALL!



I OWE THE UNDERTAKER PLENTY FOR THAT FUNERAL ARRANGEMENT! AND HE'S GOING TO BE PAID IN PERSON... BY THE WOULD-BE CORPSE!



Some time later, in the lair of the Undertaker...



THE UNDERTAKER HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE HE KILLED THE DOLL MAN! NOT MUCH INTEREST LEFT IN WHAT'S GOING ON! BUT THIS SHOULD GET HIM STARTED AGAIN!

PIPE THIS, BOSS! HARRY HEWES, THE MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMAN, IS TAKING HIS GIANT CLIPPER FOR A TRIAL RUN! THAT'S THE PLANE THEY CALL THE FLYING COFFIN!



AH, YES! FOUR MEN WERE KILLED WHILE IT WAS BEING BUILT!

WHAT A PERFECT PRIZE FOR THE UNDERTAKER! A PLANE HAUNTED BY THE GHOSTS OF DEAD MEN... AND WORTH A KING'S RANSOM! WE MUST BE PRESENT AT THE LAUNCHING OF THIS FLYING COFFIN!

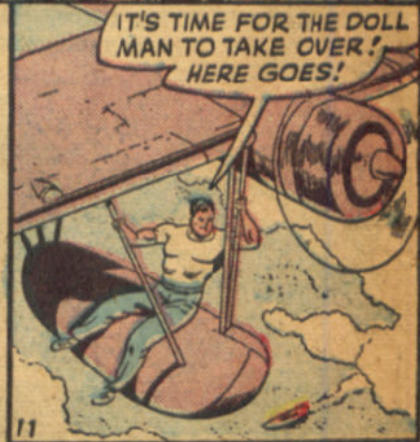
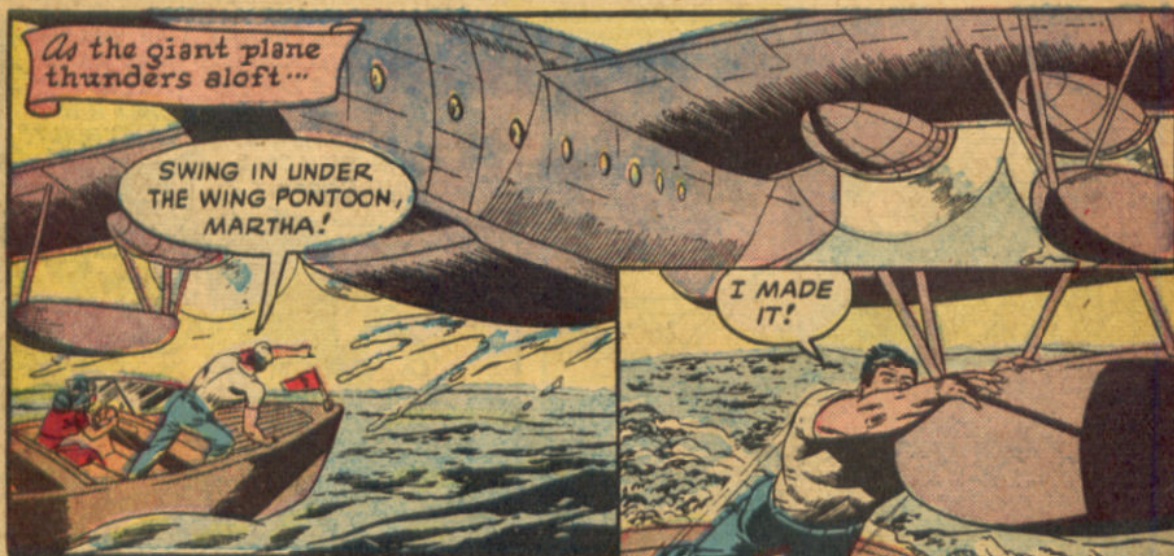
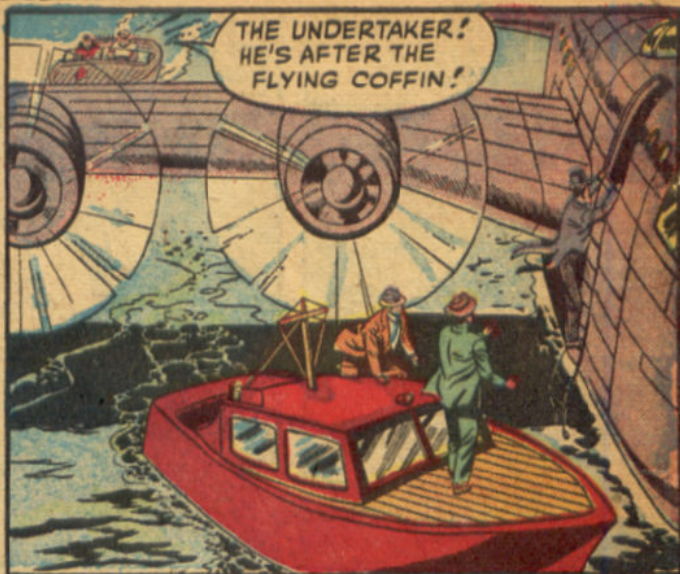


Also on hand to see the trial run are Darrel Dane and Martha Roberts...

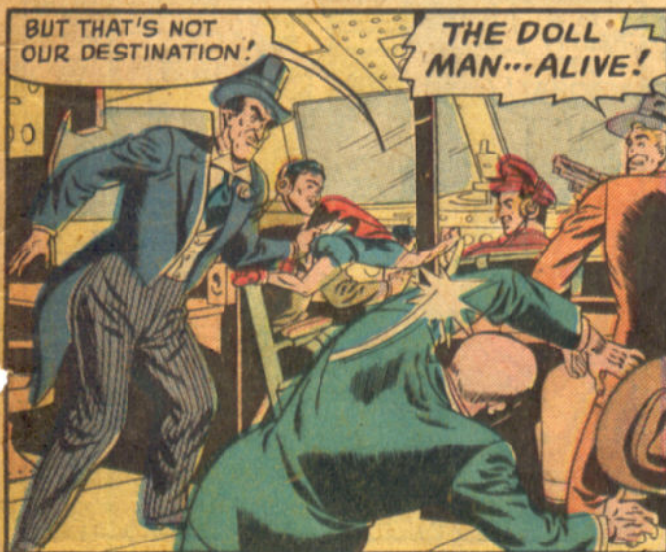
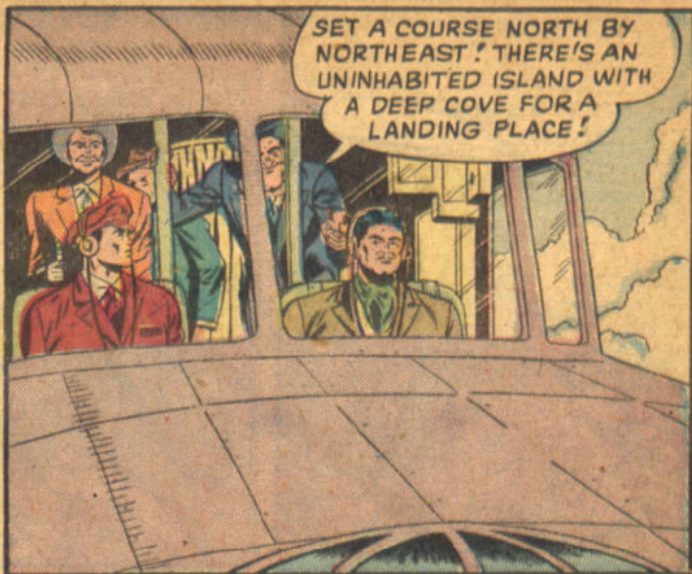
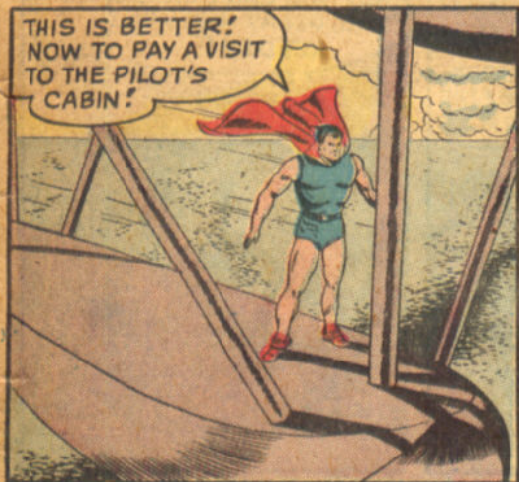
I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR ANYTHING!

EVERYONE'S HERE FOR THE TAKE-OFF! SOME EXPERTS CLAIM THAT THE FLYING COFFIN ISN'T AIRWORTHY!





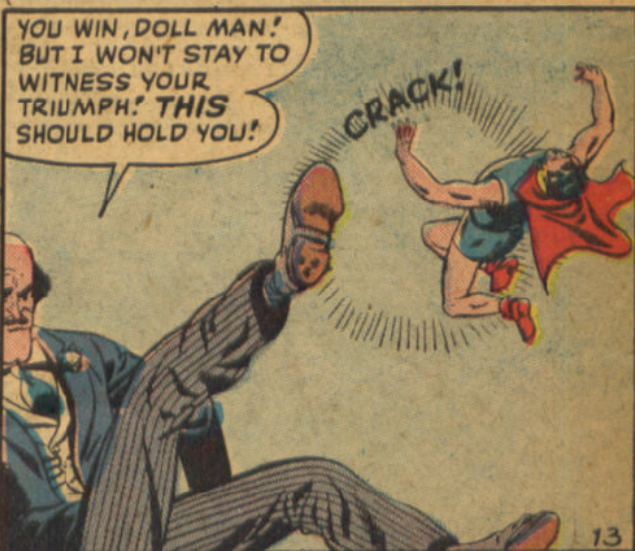
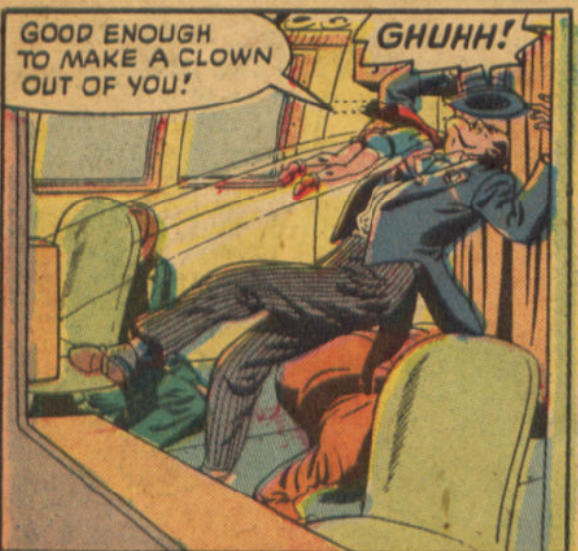
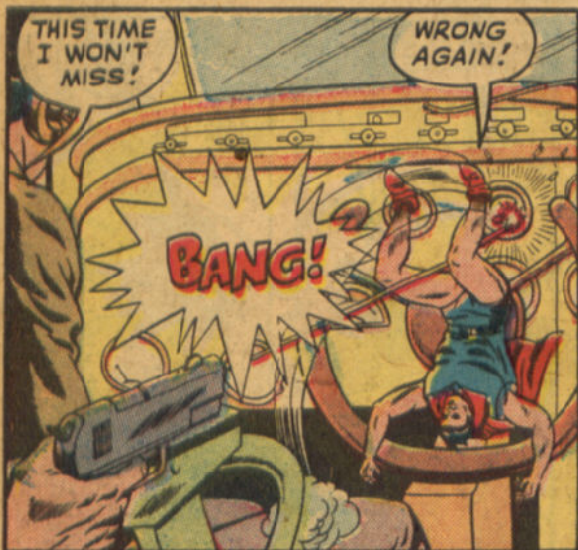
An instant's effort of will transforms Darrel Dane into the Doll Man...



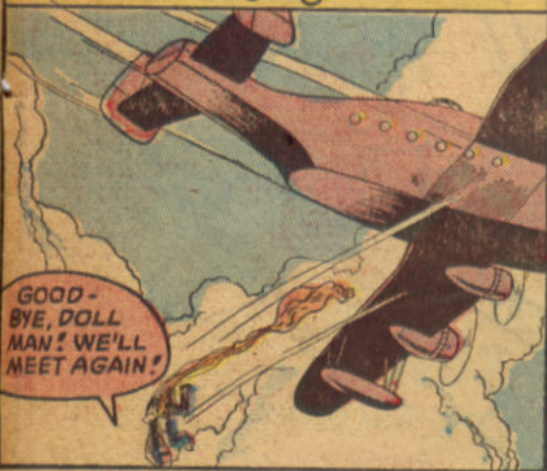
Out of control, the giant plane thunders toward the ocean...

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!





Snatching a parachute from a locker, the Undertaker leaps from the Flying Coffin...



SOONER THAN YOU THINK!

FOOL! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!



IF SO, STOP WORRYING! BY THE TIME WE LAND, YOU'LL BE UNCONSCIOUS!

UHHH!



I'LL KEEP YOU AFLOAT SO WE CAN TALK OVER OLD TIMES UNTIL THE RESCUE BOAT ARRIVES!



Later, when the Undertaker is turned over to waiting policemen on the shore...

YOU NOT ONLY SAVED MY CLIPPER, BUT YOU PROVED THAT SHE'S AIRWORTHY BY PULLING HER OUT OF THAT DIVE! PEOPLE WON'T BE TEMPTED TO CALL HER A FLYING COFFIN ANY MORE!

THEN THE UNDERTAKER'S 'COFFIN CRIMES' DID SOME GOOD AFTER ALL!



A week later, in Martha Roberts' home...

I SEE THAT THE UNDERTAKER'S BEEN PLACED IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT! MOST PRISONERS CALL THAT BEING IN 'COFFIN ROW'!

SO HE'S ENDED UP IN A COFFIN THAT ISN'T QUITE A COFFIN! THERE'S IRONIC JUSTICE IN THAT!



WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX
MAKES BRAKES FOR CARS,
TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER AND
STOPS QUICKER!

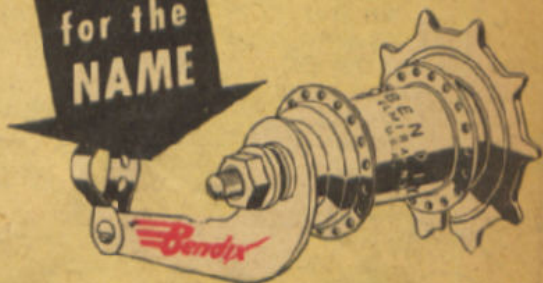


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I TRAINED THESE MEN

Has Own Radio Business

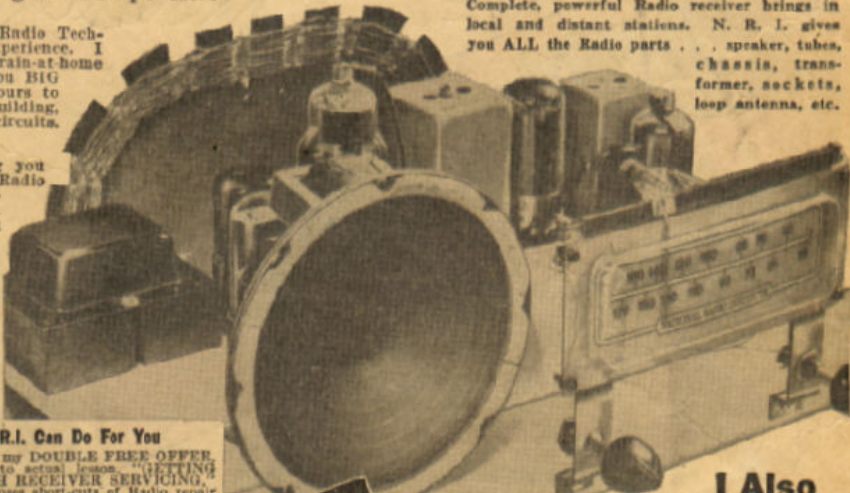
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